Towards *Phœbus* lodging, ſuch a wagoner
As *Phaetan* would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to theſe armes, vntalkt of and vnſeene,
Louers can ſee to do their amorous rights,
And by their owne bewties, or if loue be blind,
It beſt agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou ſober ſuted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to looſe a winning match,
Plaide for a paire of ſtainleſſe maydenhoods.
Hood my vnmand bloud bayting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till ſtrange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted ſimple modeſtie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the winges of night,
Whiter then new ſnow vpon a Rauens backe:
Cõme gentle night, come louing black browd night,
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtarres,
And he will make the face of heauen ſo fine,
That all the world will be in loue with night,
And pay no worſhip to the garniſh Sun.
O I haue bought the manſion of a loue,
But not poſſeſt it, and though I am ſold,
Not yet enioyd, ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurſe:

Enter Nurſe with cords.

And ſhe brings newes, and euery tongue that ſpeaks
But *Romeos* name, ſpeakes heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurſe, what newes? what haſt thou there,
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I, I, the cords.
Iu. Ay me what news? why doſt thou wring thy hãds?
Nur. A weraday, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
Alack the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.
Iu. Can heauen be ſo enuious?
Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*?
Iu. What diuell art thou that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be rored in diſmall hell,
Hath *Romeo* ſlaine himſelfe? ſay thou but I,
And that bare vowell I ſhall poyſon more
Then the death arting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be ſuch an I.
Or thoſe eyes ſhot, that makes thee anſwere I:
If he be ſlaine ſay I, or if not, no.
Brieſe, ſounds, determine my weale or wo.
Nur. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
God ſaue the marke, here on his manly breſt,
A piteous coarſe, a bloudie piteous coarſe,
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawbde in bloud,
All in goare bloud, I ſounded at the ſight.
Iu. O break my hart, poore bankrout break at once,
To priſon eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth too earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe on heauie beare.
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt friend I had,
O curteous *Tybalt*, honeſt Gentleman,
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee dead.
Iu. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My deareſt Cozen, and my dearer Lord,
Then dreadfull Trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if thoſe two are gone?

EX BIBL. UNIV. EDINBURGEN.